9. GENETICS.

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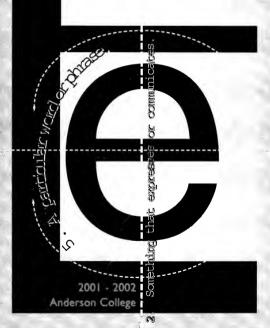
outward manifestation of a mood

The

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T. THE ACT OF EXPRESSING, CONVEYING, OR REPRESERVING IN WORDS, ART, MUSIC, OR MOVEMERT, A MARIFESTATION.

ivy leaves



8. The act of

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EXPRESSES OUSIES

3. Mathematics. An operation or a quantity stated in symbolic form, such as ^x, y2, or x + y.

Ivy Leaves Staff

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From original art work by Stacy Coleman

On The Cover

Both art and writing are forms of expression. This cover conveys that the contents of this magazine are expressions of Anderson College students for the year 2001 - 2002. The cover itself is also one of these expressions, applying graphic design as an art form.

driving I-85

driving I-85 at night at seventy miles an hour strips the mind of reason/grips the body in stark fear harnessed in the right seat eyes mesmerized by one shining ray unfolding mile after mile not daring to look from side to side but straight chead like a puppet hands seeking something to hold onto other than a seat belt visioning metal upon metal slamming into each other like box cars off the rails like a child's blocks stacked end to end collapsing in a tangled heap like an arrow released from a bow or a bullet to a target like fleeing from the devil like fleeing from the devil

Margaret Hayes

Mon grand-père

Papa, walking stick in hand blessed the fruit of his loins with the palm tree's sweet wine. He made music with a bamboo stalk, gnarled, carved in his youth — and lulled the night to rhythmic slumber. The full moon gazed, entranced by the poignant melody of this primeval soul, whose brown eyes retold a century of earthy splendor, whose wrinkled face, upon breathing its last quietly smiled.

Ada Ezeokoli

The House

Up on the hill, its skeletorial remains stand, waiting for someone or something to disturb its peaceful slumber. But who would come to a place that seems almost haunted —

with shadows that run across the floor as you walk by, wind that howls through the open walls and doors. Rain falling onto the open floors,

lightning flashes across the sky leaving all who see this great sight feeling both horror and wonder. Where is this place —

One lone tree stands in the yard, no branches only a trunk pointing upward, a perching spot for crows to watch as cars pass by on this

dirt road, sending dust and gravel into the empty yard. Tall grasses growing, making it impossible to see the animals hiding in wait —

The house is on a hill, looking over the many people below, haunting some with each clap of thunder causing them to shudder in fear.

Maybe we should all take a moment and look up at these remains with respect and even fright then quickly run away.

Mary Morris



Miles linoleum print 12"x12" Stacy Coleman

Epitaph

Stranger, look upon this marker and smile in the knowledge of the exceeding abundance of my life. Not that it was easy, but richly blessed; not that I overcame the world, but that I now go on to be with the One who did.

John Lyons

Les Saisons

Trees spew forth fire, Valleys rage with shifting hues... White death, backstage, smiles.

Outside children frost, Taste fluffy drifts of white rain... Angels sifting salt.

Frozen breath escapes, Tanned skin on white sand beckons... Birds pen their lyrics.

Ada Ezeokoli

Sleeping through class. . . .

Stay open little eyes
You gotta make it through this class.
Dry erase and chalkboards blur
As my coffee wears off at last.
I'm drifting into oblivion
Where no science teacher exists
And no one can remember
How many classes I have missed.

Beri Hancock



Marriage
oil on panel with cheese cloth
5'x3'4"
Allison Holdredge

The Bagel Shop

At the door, I pause before entering considering the sanity of myself and those inside, this assorted group of early risers — perfectly brewed coffee and bagels —

that defy the still-slumbering world inside a solitary light among a town of dark storefronts. Not that we'd choose to sleep in for hours and if given the option,

we would stick to our tradition, rising before the sun like the fresh bagels to experience the familiar consistency that suspends daily chaos

allowing us to prepare for the day, one hurried task after another where we can, for just a few moments, peacefully sip our cream and sugar-laden coffee.

It's just that the eyes of the tired looking clerk that never seems to muster a smile, the salesman's neatly pressed suit and tie and the wrinkled T-shirt of a man

proudly displaying his forearm tattoo... and when you consider the hour, the random collection of lives, and the infinite possibilities that will meet us when we leave...

well, I can't help but appreciate the purpose each of us has even in being here this, our only shared experience of the day to unknowingly acknowledge our common ground.

Jill Moore

A Feeling of Home

Sometimes when I pass by a particular house, I suddenly feel sad and lonely. Though it is a house I've never lived in. never even entered. something about its look brings back a happiness I've known sometime, somewhere in the past. It is a feeling of home, a memory of my own that clings to the place, as intangible as a wish, as solid as a stone. It is as if I've been away and left behind something or someone meaningful, and now have come back to the things I lost for a while. It fills my soul with a wistfulness I don't often feel, but somehow it is as if arms I once trusted beckon me back. and a voice calls to welcome me. and I wish with all my heart it were my house, my home that childhood place no one can ever take away or completely forget. It is the joy of being a child again with the innocence and trust one feels so little as time escapes us, which hasn't grown up as I have, nor become cautious as I have. but remains forever sealed in the heart. remembered simply as love.

Margaret Hayes

Confessions

They tell the story when I, at 4
Climbed into Frances' crib and cut her curls
When left alone for just a moment.
"What happened to this baby's hair?"
Mother laughs as she repeats my ready lie.
Looking straight into her eyes without blinking,
Holding her scissors behind me, covered in curls,
"The rats did it," I answer.

My conscience was born when I, at 4 Was laid down for a needed nap Among coats and handbags of visiting aunts. Sparkling coin purses inside handbags beckoned. First a penny from each, then a dime, Then guilt, remorse for all of my life. Did they find out and silently shame me? I always worried, "did they know?"

Joyce Stein



Hinduism acrylic on wood 24"x24" Lashanda Salters

A Confession

I once ripped the mirror off my parent's car, trying to park it in the narrow garage. To avoid my father's wrath, I tried to fix it with help from a friend who knew all sorts of things about cars. I thought we had done a good job And reveled in my success until the next day when my father was driving to work and the mirror fell off at a stop sign.

I convinced my younger sister
To give me her new crisp
dollar bill, in exchange for
a magic quarter.
I could buy so much more with a dollar
Than I could with twenty-five cents.
I was quite proud of myself for
outsmarting a six year old until she
showed to Mom the "magic" quarter.

Andrew Anderson

Solitary

I walk over flattened, shining leaves, Through a lamplit stretch of parking lot. My hand, as if reaching to scratch A phantom itch, searches to hold your hand.

I look down the lot — I am acquainted with every step I will take, Trudging through a photograph I've seen too many times...

I pull my step before crushing a red bloom Resting in the sea of trodden foliage. I cannot fathom why, only how solitary, Like a drop of blood in a field of snow.

Forgetting myself I lift up the flower, Chagrinned as my careful fingers crack The stiffened petals, Dry as a desert.

There is nothing more to know. I cinch my grip over the dried rose, And it crackles like a fire in my hand.

Allison Holdredge

Music Box

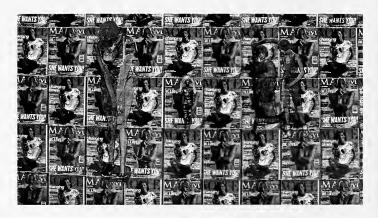
On a stage of velvet, gracefully twirling, A miniature ballerina weaves dreams for Tiny hearts. Her porcelain flesh draped in a Gossamer fabric, forever frozen in time.

Arms posed above her head, as if she is Ready to take flight, instead of racing Around and around her lonely stage.

The haunting music of a forgotten Composer rises from beneath her feet Racing to keep up with her, then slowing And stopping an instant before she does.

Tiny hands reach out to start the dance again, They slip and the music box crashes to the floor. The ballerina races out of control. The music Gets louder and louder, then suddenly — Silence.

LaTonya Scott



Brice oil on canvas 74"x41" Carter Baston Life is a merry-go-round Constantly moving, until That one moment, You lose your grasp, And fly off — Hitting the pavement.

I super glued myself to the bars, Hoping to be the last person there. Then a persistent idiot with the same Idea, doused my hands in acetone And I hit the pavement — Head first.

LaTonya Scott

Outside the air has Settled in the crystal cold Of winter evening.

The rasping crawl of Fallen leaves rakes along a Midnight parking lot.

As the door clicks shut, I draw ice into my lungs, And cling to my arms.

Allison Holdredge

Cats'll eat tuna 'Ere they'll taste a spoon o' Anything else in the fridge.

"Cats won't touch boiled cabbage,"
To coin a new adage,
But they'll help with the bacon a smidge.

Cats won't take their vitamins. Why just the sight of 'em's Enough to make my kitty cringe.

But give her a spider That'll fight back and bite her, She purrs, "O, what a heavenly binge."

Angie Owens

The carnival sits in the valley
A faded rainbow in the midst
Of nature's green.
Lights as bright as the sun once blinked here
High above brilliant patchworks of tents
That held within their folds
Throngs of excitement.
Mechanical rides soared, the creaking machinery
Mixing with the jovial sound of music
And the delighted voices of crowds exclaiming
Over the unusual and exhilarating.
Children laughed —
Candy coated, sticky joy —
At sights of delight.

Their voices still drift in the wind,
A haunting sound chanting through the trees.
Left behind are
Faded booths and abandoned rides,
Broken lights and tattered tents
Forlorn,
Left for reasons forgotten,
Nothing but a memory
That will always exist.

Wendy Morgan



Fumie
oil on canvas
28"x34"
Tracy West



